

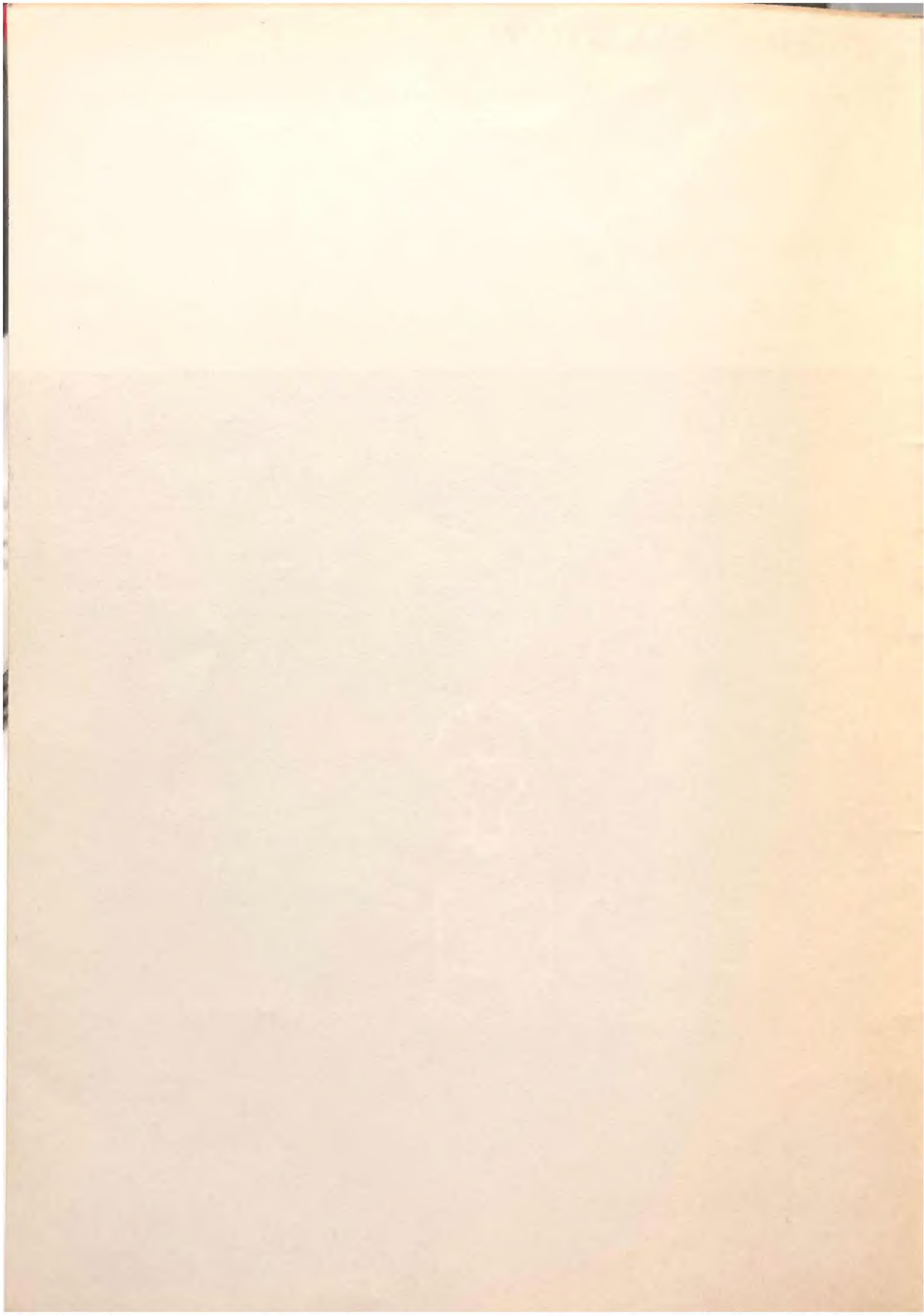
COOPER COLLECTION

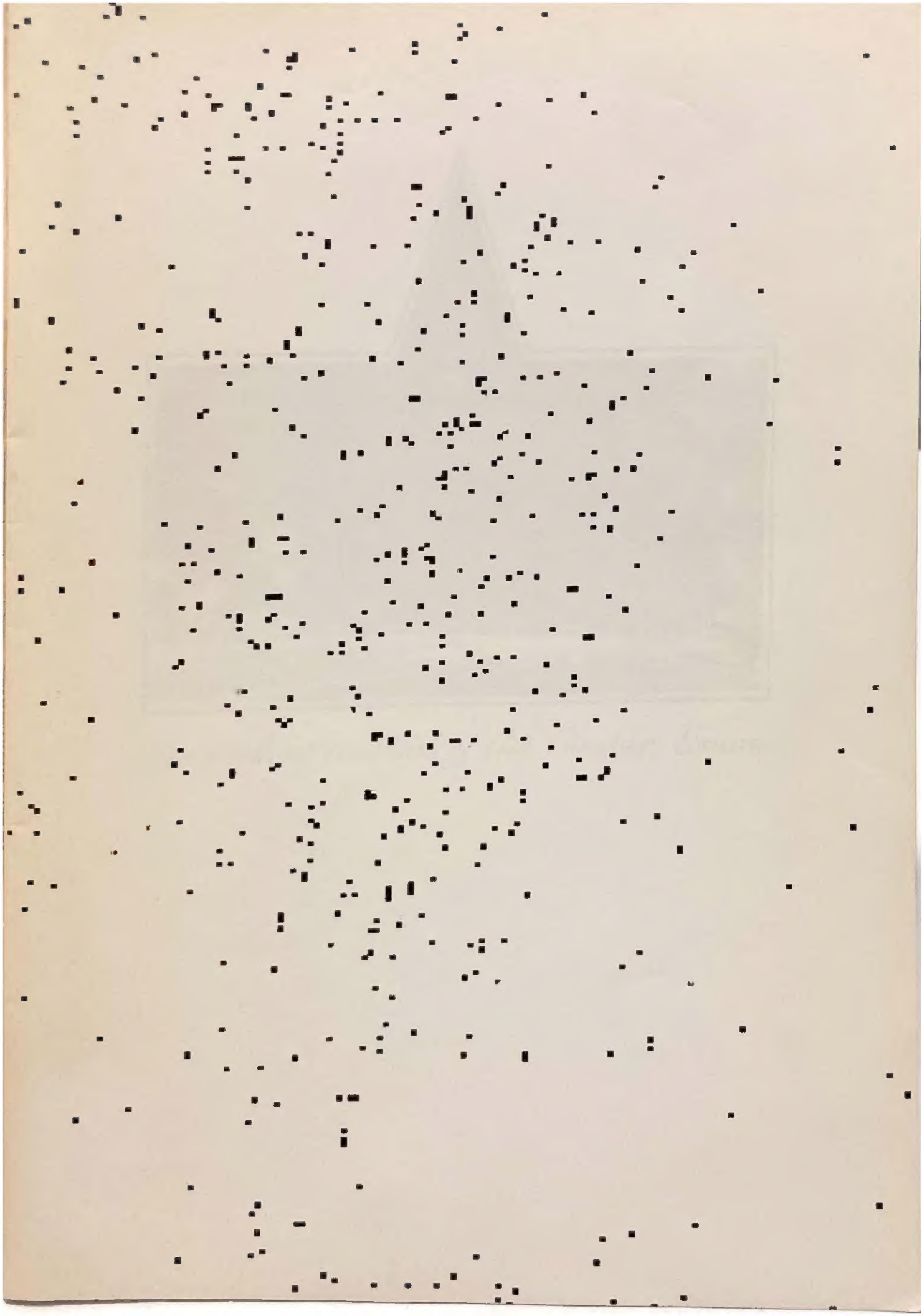
the student journal of the Cooper Union



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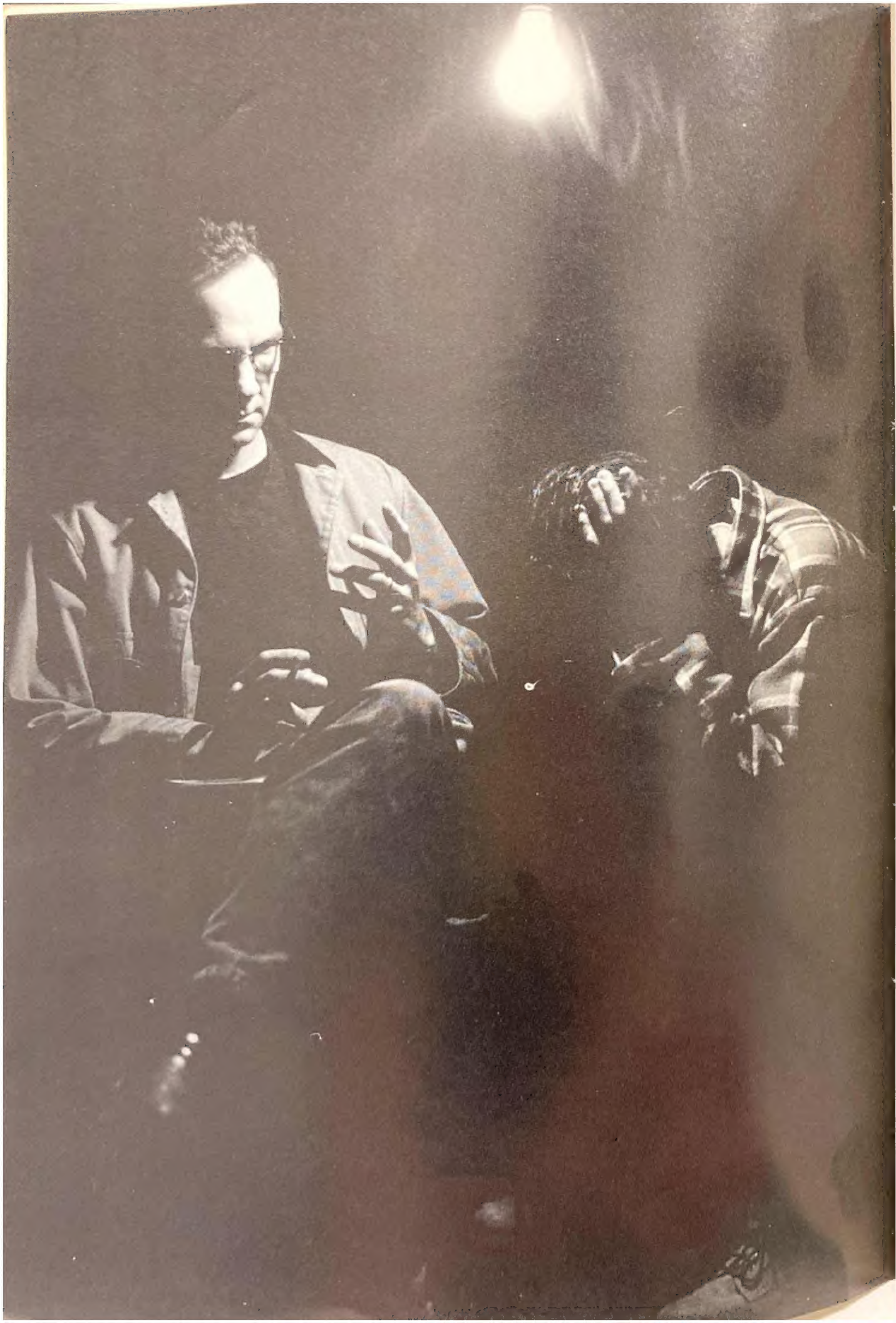








the student journal of the Cooper Union





SPILL/JOHNST present
A COOPER UNION production
"JELLO"

A STUDENT JOURNAL OF ART, ARCHITECTURE and ENGINEERING

Created By

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JIM DONNELLAN Stunt Double DON LAWRENCE Set Design MONICA DEO Special Effects AMY SADAO Continuity

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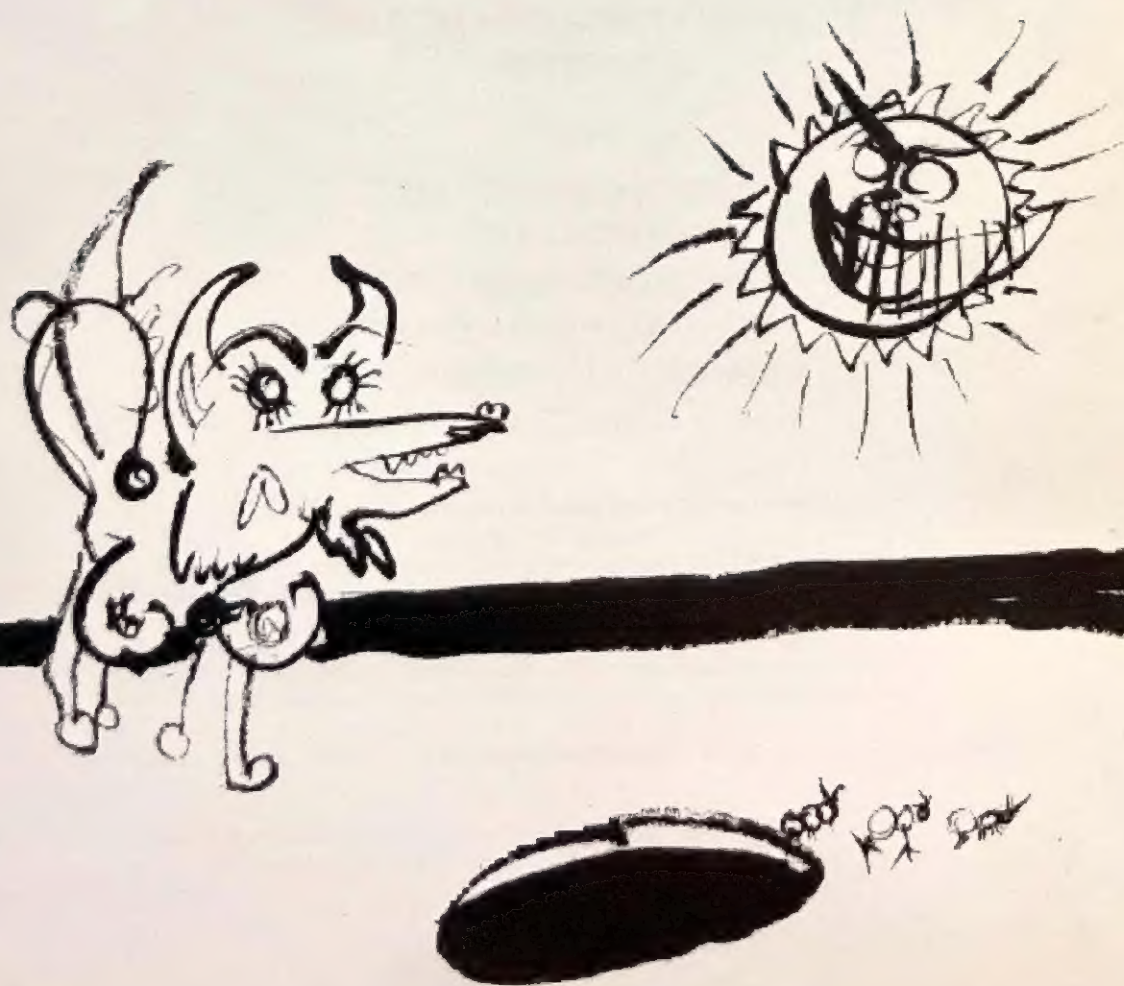
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endsheets, it used to be T.V., then they made it movies, it's T.V. now and it will be movies again by Craig Wodlin



letter to the editor;

It has been over a ~~xxxx~~ ~~new~~ year now that I have'nt heard from you and I think it is ~~high~~ ~~xxxx~~ time ~~now~~ for me to contact you. First of all, I just want to tell you that just in case you thought that you can keep me in this position any ~~longer~~ more, you can not. I mean, I guess it is over now, it is finished and I am fine. I have been working hard at my new position which is to help the people on my block to recycle plastics using the plastic recycling codes printed on the bottom of their plastic bottles and other containers and I have been getting no where it seems!

How can I begin to tell you, ~~xx~~ when I first saw your gallery I liked the ones of ladies, but now their faces follow me, your mail ~~xxxxx~~ comes from ~~x~~ everywhere, and the writing looks like ~~xxxxxxx~~ a lady's. But if I told you how often I think of you, how you turn me on, like a radio I would take too much of our few moments together up in doing this. So, ~~after~~ ~~xxx~~ after I did the dancer's hair, I was trying to decide how to do my hair, ~~xx~~ and I thought that I would try not to take advantage of the ~~x~~ position that you put me in, but all I really want ~~in~~ ~~en~~ our love to do is bring out the ~~best~~ best in me and you.

All the best,

Patterson Beckwith

(AN HOUR GLASS is another black lie
entertaining no space, no brilliance, and outliving
any other occurrence and or memory of what past
there is a woman on an invisible surface rocking
the horse having broken bark pops off a shell,
how soft a body it was once awake with a thin
neck in the window and peaceful as if it didn't
matter at all is no black disappearing words into
the ocean has no depth, a crawling surface when
it storms kids count seconds and or miles until
thunder humbles hunters in the rain makes colors
brighter the way water magnifies things children
want to know why an old woman singing sad sad
spanish songs has the heart of time or why one
small red flower grows in a cubby hole of sand a
secret someone knocks over the sand whips form
the flower in the mean time the lantern of another
woman blows the glass pops and a man moves
away from where he has given over wine to wash
her, wanting it to rain hard and for a long time not
to see, or having seen, to rest.)

"Hey, Lulu's back on channel four!" Into his keyboard he tapped,
<Hey Lulu! Where ya been?>

The letter spelled it out in green monochrome, **<Hi honey. Just off upgrading.>**

<What's up?> he wrote. Lulu had been on-line since the early days when 300 bps was it, when you could read the ASCII text as it was being received. Then everything went Ansi color or worse.

<Just got a 14k for my Sun.>

14K! That's no small change. His 2400 was fast becoming obsolete. All the Major boards had gone 14 a year ago. Most had several. 14 was so fast that just the faintest static on your phone line could throw it off. Sun Micro was top of the line, and Lulu was down. He was still text based.

"It's been a long time," he thought. His mother had just sold her an old Apple. Rather, gave it away for a token to the Pukells, ex-hippies who opened a health food store in Miami. It was doing pretty well. They bought it primarily for the business, and for their Nintendo crazed kids. Their kids probably knew more about it than they did. Had them in the public schools, he had read. The machine was hopelessly obsolete, but he had a lot of memories in it. All those pirated games. A lot of personal files, too. High school essays, the Special Effects Club mailing list, the letter he wrote to Tali confessing his love. He'd never printed it.

Lulu wasn't her real name, it was her handle, her cyberspace personality. Imposing, brash with a twist of country. One imagined a large mother in a sun dress hunched over her keyboard working a piece of chewing gum or tobacco. His handle was Corvette.

<So dear, what's the word? You on Prodigy?>

<Naw. They feed you commercials!> He blushed. Everyone was going to Prodigy. Even the die hards. It only took Mac or IBM.

<It's worth my coupons if it keeps the price down.>

<Phooey.>

<What's the word on Internet?>

<Dunno the specs. Supposed to be global access.>

<So I hear. Heard Black Flag and Wordsworth were on.>

<Black talks big.>

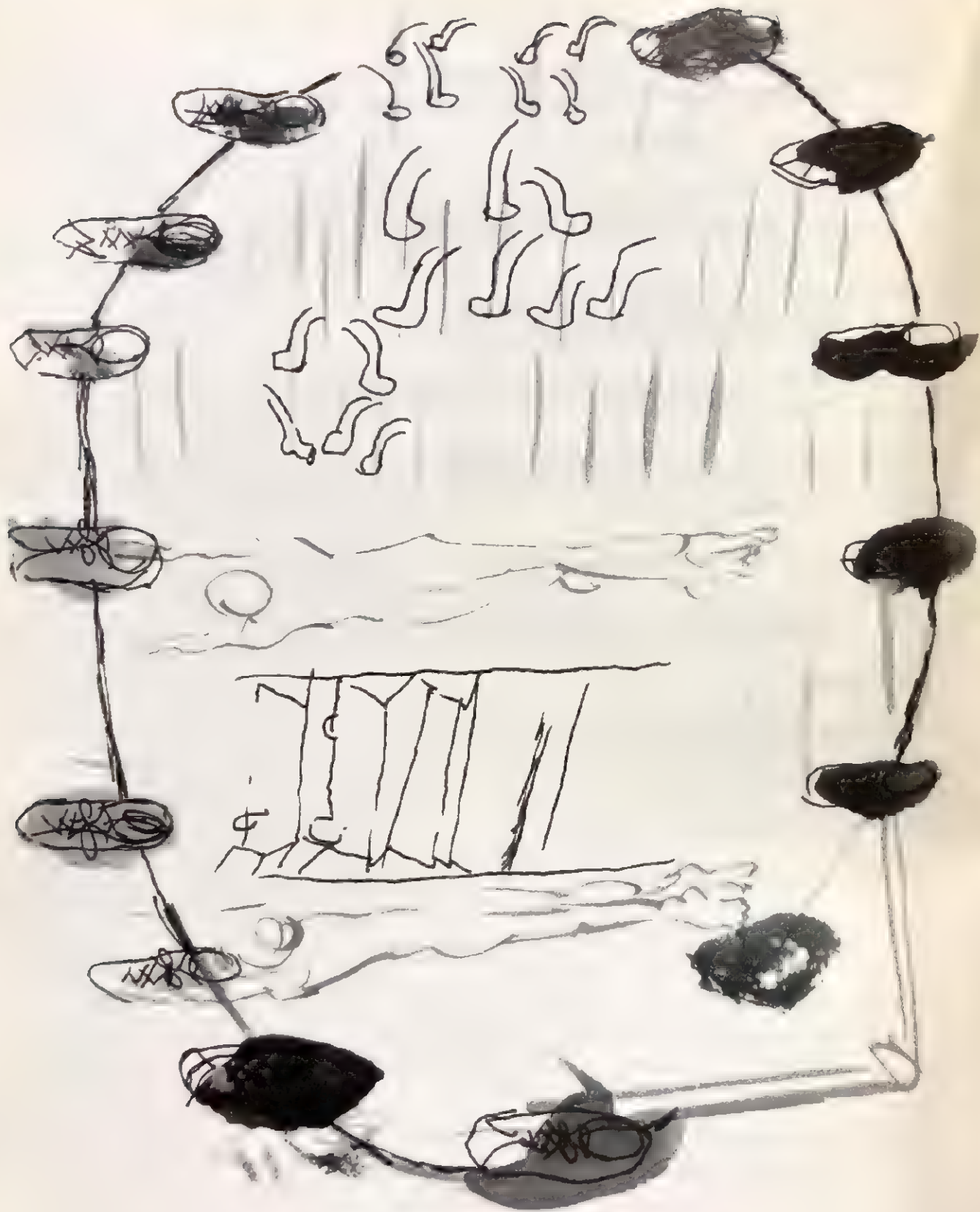
<(chuckle) Say, I got lot's to catch up on. Pie's in the oven and there's a stack of E-mail on the table. Yall take care now.>

<Yeah. Good to seeya.>

It was getting late. He logged off. He considered calling Night Zone, but wasn't in the mood. As he powered down he thought about Lulu.

Panathesia

A blur of color, sound, texture,
feeling, touching, laughing, screaming,
with thoughts from everywhere to
everyone from you to me to Ildi Amin to
a high fly ball deep to right field of
fire gut and glory sound and
vision say goodbye hello i love you don't
leave home without it partly cloudy with
a thirty percent chance of
aid to the
contras sing choirs of
angels joyful when i was a
child i caught a fleeting glimpse of
sugar and spice and an
N train going to astoria next
stop the twilight zone lucy i'm
home my home alice get
out jordan for
three cents a day that's less than
the integral of the square root of
the matter at hand in hand across
the fields of belgium and france spain
italy sicily its time to
get up this room looks
like it was hit by tyson
in the eighth round by the devastating
blow to the right of
a man to protect his home from
any payphone its as easy as pie
times the radius squared away
in a corner of the room with
a view to a kill a
mockingbird lane star reporter for
the daily routine my father goes through
just to make a living colorforms of
poetry including free verse song
lyrics of fury i have become comfortably
seated in the right hand of god who
knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men
pure energy



The two
A two
Two a Two

Not try of the
child that sung a varying step

Each crack
Each crease in the grey walk

They did open

A three
A two a three

Tap in a circle
a harmonizing drawing
around this body
This one
a one a one a-a-a-

A click and a fraction
broken out of the globe

Oh what's here?
What did one open (t)here?

It was flung open we tried I thinkought not
to have.

A night a step is it slow
of varying
is it slow till close to that minor
fracture
in
the
surface.

s-s-s-surface scratched
foggy elope staying and going
rupture finally in a beat
of all pervading rhythm occurring
in that second you think you called your own

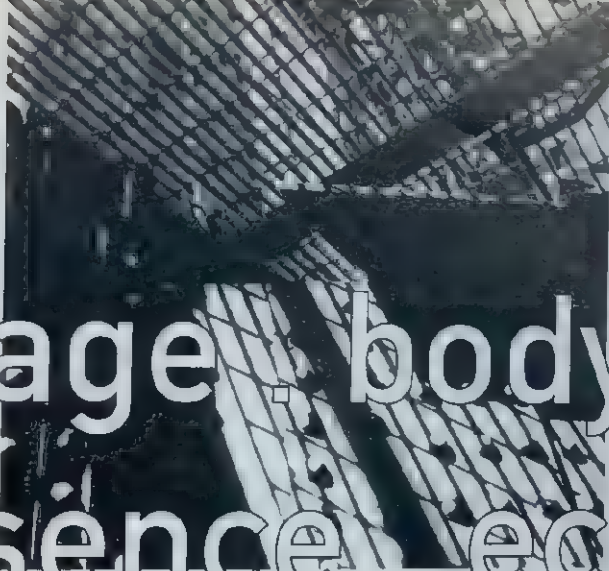
a-a-a-a crack in the grey walk open.

Here's how to play:

Take any one or two (or three!) words and put them in any order you like. Use "of" whenever necessary. This is the only variable you can use. For example: gender + culture = gender of culture; culture of gender; etc... SEE HOW MANY VARIATIONS YOU CAN FIND! ENJOY!!

culture . hegemony . ge
denial . identity . po
discipline . lack .
representation .
art

How to Play by Mike Lonergan, art & reflexive/permutative by Anonymous,
photo by Mark Kolodziejczak



nder . image . body . itics . absence . econom rchitecture

The reflexive and permutative intent is to stretch the limits of the subject in order to derive a phenomenological position. This position can be critical or ideological.

The ideal and the determined as cause/effect couples that in reflexed positions better define their respective limits.

The regressive versus the progressive is the underlining activation of the positions considered. If these are held in closure there is a consumption of structure that proceeds as a pathology.

The first couple is activated. The second being static, becoming activated by juxtaposition or reflexion.

The de-activation of closure positioning these activations, superimposing cause and effect moves towards a definition of pathology.

The scale of position and time having "consumed" themselves yet still in a field or even a position is the awakening of pathology.

The development of this consumed position or the movement of pathology is the memory of the superimposition of definition and indefinability in activation.



Photo by Mark Koblitzky, 20x



ARLINGTON COUNTY

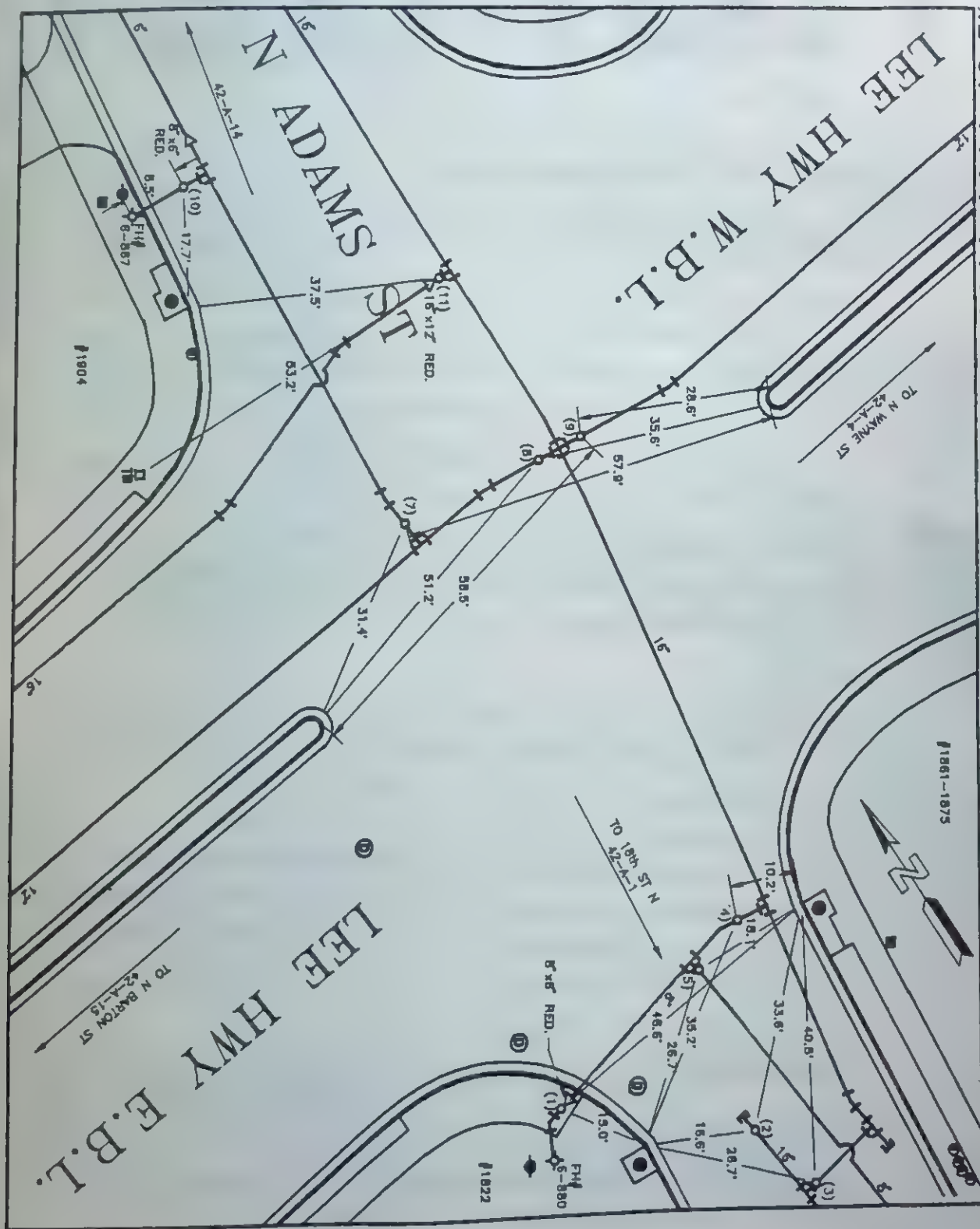
WATER-SEWER ENGINEERING

Water Valve and Fire Hydrant Locations

Scale 1"=20'

Field Book D-60
12-54
Drawn
Revised
10/20/75
8/18/81
7/12/93

Contract 4615-8C
INTERSECTION NO. 42-A-11
SHEET 44-NW



Survey performed by: Jason Clark, Northern Virginia Community College Meghan Gray, College of Wooster Laura McIntyre, George Mason University Justin Spivey (2CE), The Cooper Union

murder

an excerpt from a
murder mystery

From the diaries of Jennifer King:

It is February as I write this. Snow is falling lightly outside the window. There is a warm fire crackling in the fireplace. My husband and my little girl are resting on the sofa, my baby fast asleep. It is a scene to warm any heart. It is a scene that makes my heart glow.

A little over a month ago, there was a scene nearly identical to this one. I was there too. However, the atmosphere there was hardly as inviting. This is the story of that misty place, as dangerous as it was beautiful, and of the two-week adventure that my husband and I had there.

I have enclosed here the memorabilia of that adventure. My husband's diary and notes, and written records of the clues and evidence we found, researched, deduced, and simply stumbled upon while conducting our investigations. The place was Mockingbird Manor. Our friend in need was Matt Devlin. My name is Jennifer King. My husband's name is William King, Private Investigator.

text by Anthony Shin

From the journals of William King:

Wednesday, January 3rd

I was relaxing in my study early this morning when the phone rang. It was Matt Devlin, an old friend of mine from college. I hadn't seen or spoken to Matt in several years, so I was very surprised when I received the call. I was also delighted to hear from my old friend, until he made clear his reasons for contacting me again.

TRANSCRIPT OF CALL BETWEEN KING AND DEVLIN

King: Hello, William King speaking.

Devlin: Will, hi. I'm not sure if you'd remember me. I'm Matt Devlin.

King: Matt! Sure, I remember you!

Devlin: Been a long time.

King: Too long, old friend! How are you? Are you still running that old inn in the mountains?

Devlin: Will, I think somebody's trying to kill me.

Silence.

King: You've got a hell of a lot to learn about small talk.

Devlin (in a deathly calm voice): Will, this isn't a joke. Somebody is trying to kill me.

King: Matt, get a grip on yourself! What's happening? What makes you

think somebody wants you dead?

Devlin: It's too complicated. And I don't want to talk about it over the phone. I need you and Jennifer to get up here.

King: When?

Devlin: Right away.

King: No, that's not possible. We're expected in Los Angeles-

Devlin: That can wait. Listen, Will, you know I wouldn't have called you unless I was really, really desperate...pal, you owe me.

King: All right, all right, take it easy. Jenn and I are coming up there tonight. We'll be there by morning.

Devlin: Great! Thanks, buddy.

For the past few hours, we've been driving down the rather isolated road leading toward Mockingbird Manor. We just pulled into a motor inn at the base of Haldeman Mountain. I've been trying to get some sleep, but I can't. The only thing I can think about is what Matt said. The fact that he was so calm and matter-of-fact about it makes it even more chilling. I don't know what's going on, but tomorrow, I mean to find out.

Thursday, January 4th

9:15 A.M.

It took us nearly an hour to drive the winding and twisting road up Haldeman Mountain, leading to the renowned Mockingbird Manor. As usual, the very first thing I did was make a visual survey of every element of the densely forested

surroundings. The Manor house itself is a two-story building nestled in the heart of the snow-capped Haldeman Mountain. Its foundation rests on a formation of rock that had grown on this high-rising cliff close to the peak of the mountain itself. The building was purchased and converted into a hotel nearly thirty years ago, by Matt's father. There is a carriage house located squarely next to the manor itself.

Toward the west and south of the Manor property are the ski slopes. In front of the property is a fairly spacious parking lot, dotted with evergreen trees towering over the cars. When I arrived, there were nine cars in the parking lot. The only paved road leading off the property was the winding route up the mountain to the southeast corners of the parking lot. From the parking lot, I could see, at the base of the mountain, a long-since abandoned airplane hangar and, toward the far side, the motor inn we stayed at last night.

I instructed Jennifer to begin talking to the staff and obtain a list of the guests staying at the manor. Meanwhile, I talked to Matt and found out what had been happening. As I'm writing this, things are looking grim. About three weeks ago, the manor sponsored a convention of the most brilliant scientific minds in the country. One of them was Dr. Steven Young, a good friend of Matt's, one of the most promising young biomedical researchers in the field. Over the past five years, Dr. Young had been researching and finally perfected a series of medical formulae which, he had told Matt, would revolutionize cancer treatment. However, Dr. Young had not revealed any of the specifics of his project.

Two days before he was scheduled to reveal the principles of his project to the assembled scientists, Dr. Young disappeared. His room was ransacked, but nothing had been stolen. Dr. Young had never committed his formulae to paper. Three days later, Dr. Young's dead body was found half-buried near the plane hangar. He had been shot fatally. Almost at the same time Dr. Young's body was discovered, Dr. Young's wife and one of his closest colleagues, Dr. Michael Scott, both disappeared. They were found the next day, both shot through the heart. And now, following that pattern, Matt fears

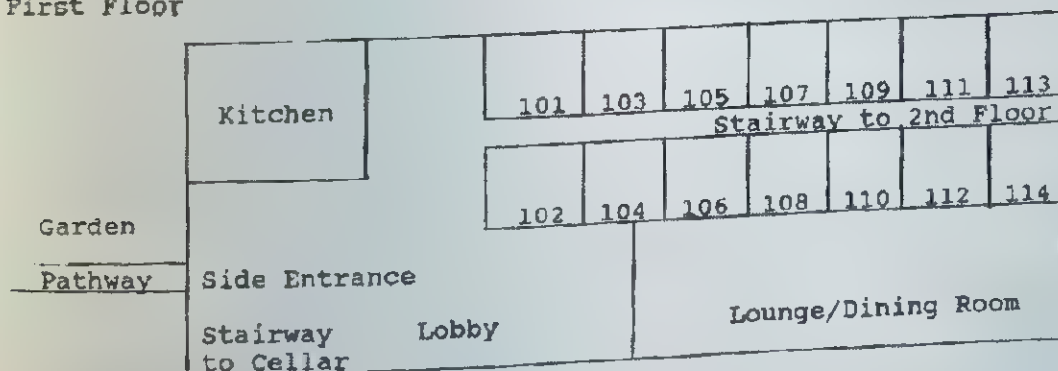
that he might be next. He was right. The day before he called me, somebody attempted to slip cyanide into his drinking glass. No clues or evidence turned up about who that was, but Matt believes it was one of the people presently staying at the manor, either a guest or one of the staff. The motive for killing Matt or any of the three previous murder victims remains unclear. I must work quickly. I have taken several precautions to safeguard Matt's life, while Jennifer and I begin our investigation.

Friday, January 5th

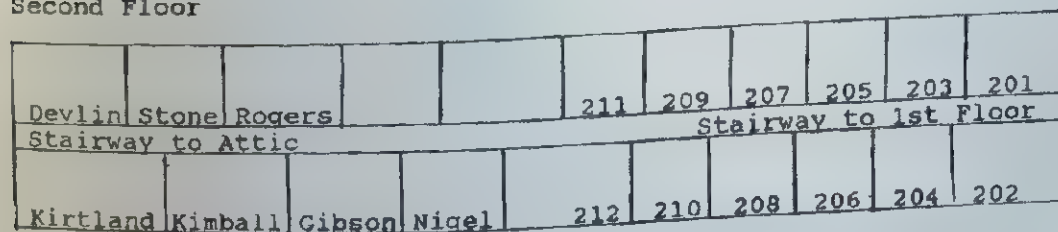
11:15 A.M.

The television has an unpleasant weather forecast. Tomorrow night, a heavy thunderstorm is going to hit this area. But I can't concern myself with that right at the moment. I spent the better part of the morning sketching the hallways and rooms of the manor, which I've graphed below.

First Floor

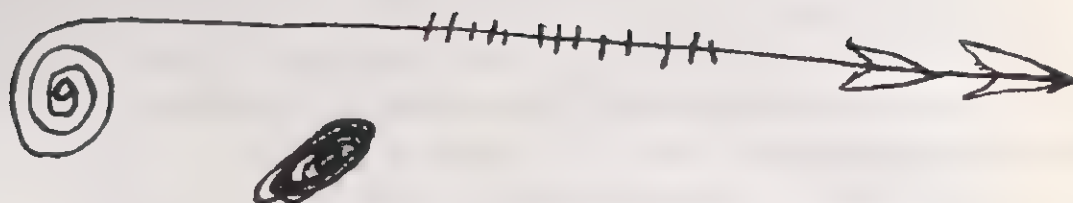


Second Floor



About Four Tons of Discarded Items
of Absolutely No Value to Anybody
who is Sane

Attic



It is the production which scares
me. An open ~~and~~ seamless
utterance is divided and
organized around a conceptual
center for an audience
Who?





The Offspring

Notes regarding an episode of **Star Trek: The Next Generation**

The following is a synopsis of an episode from the TV program Star Trek the Next Generation. Data, the android member of the crew of the starship Enterprise has been secluded for weeks in the ship's computer lab. He has been engaged in some mysterious project. There is a great deal of speculation amongst the other crew members as to the nature of his activities. When at last he emerges, to everyone's shock he announces that he has created another android. Since Data is the only existing example of an advanced technology that was thought to have died with its inventor, Noonian Sung, this is particularly shocking.

When pressed to explain the reason for his actions, Data reveals a desire to be a father; to bring into existence another of his kind; so that should some calamity befall him his species would not entirely vanish. The "child" android is at first a featureless androgynous construct. Data gives it the right to choose its sexuality and physical features.

Together they wander the ship until the child decides that the female is more appealing and so assumes a feminine persona.

As androids, both Data and the "child" (Lal) are theoretically incapable of experiencing any emotion.

There follows a period during which the child is introduced to the ship's crew and to a tremendous quantity of information. The plot turns suddenly when the Federation government learns about the new android and decides that this new breakthrough in technology is too valuable to expose to the hazards of space travel. They insist on taking possession of

her for further study. The child repeatedly states that she does not want to leave. Finally it seems inevitable that she will have to leave the ship and be separated from Data.

At this point the android has a kind of tantrum. She explodes with anger. Afterwards she seems dazed and wanders off. Data is called to sick bay where he learns that the child is dying.

She experienced a moment of genuine emotion but in so doing set off a systematic crash of her systems. Data works as hard as he can to somehow stop the process but he is unsuccessful. As she lies dying she expresses her love for her father, Data. He acknowledges it but is forced to remind her that he is incapable of returning it. A simple good-bye is all he can offer. After she is gone Data informs the crew that an essential aspect of her programming has been added to his own. So he will continue to carry her inside him.

What follows is a Marxist, Freudian, and Nietzschean commentary on the episode.

I am particularly intrigued by this episode. Let us begin with a concrete appraisal of that figure around which the story revolves. Data is a machine. He embodies in every way the ideal functional characteristics of the post industrial mechanism. He is tireless, requires no sustenance, possesses great strength, and has the mind of a computer. He is even capable of auto maintenance. Yet he takes the form of a man and is accorded the status of a person.

Data exists but can experience no essence, no emotion. He is supremely alienated from himself. He functions as a supreme illustration of the dehumanizing potential of the system of capital.

Data is objectified labor. His only vital force is his status a commodity, as machine. However, since as an android he exists autonomously he can resume his exchange anew.

Indeed, Data represents the ideal bourgeois fantasy of labor. This would constitute an army of Datas pouring out surplus.

The fact that Data feels compelled to create the child evidences the still pervasive and potentially redeeming influence of the generative force in man, as it penetrates even the most sobering bourgeois fantasy.

Of course the child must die in the end. Humanity will always be foreign to its commodification.

As she overcomes her alienation and discovers her humanity, the commodity, the machine must break down.



text by Scott Rees

In the end the commodity reincorporates her circuits, her essence and she is brought back into the system of capital.

This idea that the machine can discover its essence is pure bourgeois propaganda. That capital is natural: is this not the most enduring and insidious bourgeois mythology?

Let us examine Data the ascetic priest, the advocate of the sick herd. Data and the others must be profoundly related in their sickness. How else can they understand each other? Superior, cold, the herald of mysterious powers, he must be the guardian against all the predators of health and passion. Incapable of hate, he wars with logic, with a cunning born of infinite renunciation.

Data is the renunciation of instinct. He is the ultimate achievement of that civilization which deadens itself. Here stands the terrible sacrifice of civilization with its slave morality.

There is no possibility of self affirmation.

There is only this final dead end; this final sickness of the soul.

This herald of mysterious powers is able to make a pretense at truth because he is incapable of letting his passions, his body, enter in.

So the old conceptual fiction of pure reason with its renunciation of the body is exemplified. Yet the asceticism is seductive. This cocoon of pure reason can give birth in the philosopher to that truth which requires suffering.

So Data give birth to an idea. This idea rediscovers the truth of its humanity. But the womb which carried it was a cold one. So, like a Greek tragedy, the terrible sacrifice of civilization is replayed and the passion dies again.

Data and the child are the pure embodiments of science. When the child discovers her emotions, her interiority, we are given a glimpse of the end of science as an objective model.

We will begin by examining the group psychology of the enterprise.

As we know the psychological group is a provisional being formed of heterogeneous elements. As we witness the starship Enterprise "boldly go where no one has gone before" we see clearly those psychological components of invincible power which can arise out of the group dynamic.

Data the android might well be seen as the embodiment of that state of the individual which as he joins the group allows him to lose

himself and become an automaton who has ceased to be guided by his will.

It seems indeed fortunate that the group on the starship Enterprise is under the influence of suggestion and so is capable of high achievement and devotion to an ideal. The alternative could be well be a free play of all the cruel and destructive instincts which lie dormant in individuals. This could very well result in intergalactic warfare on a scale previously undreamed of: Thanatos unleashed amongst the stars.

The starship Enterprise illustrates the raised collective mental life of the organized group. It possesses a definite idea of the nature of its function, "to boldly go where no one has gone before." It possesses a highly structured hierarchy of command culminating in the prestigious leader Jean Luc Picard.

It is tempting to view Data as a metaphor for that defense mechanism of the ego which as the result of racial experience produces primal repressions. The question then arises: what taboo, what profound desire, does the android stand guard against?

Data allows the child to chose her persona. This object choice indicates the presence of an id and so foreshadows her emotional catharsis. The girl has no mother to identify with so she experiences her cathexis with the father Data.

Yet this identification is thwarted by the fact that the android has no penis for her to envy. Her emotional outburst signals the end of the latency period. Her sexual and aggressive instincts are unleashed. She experiences a desire for the father which an never be fulfilled, due both to their immanent separation and his emotional incapacity. This frustration results in a rage which becomes internalized, directed against herself. The result is her suicide.



Culture is one of the most artificial of all human creations

For an Evening in This Windy City

There must be something about what I learned today:

The smallest terms are discarded to approximate for large distances.

There must be something about Emily Roebling:

I, as John, am not the one in charge here.

There must be something about the front steps of an apartment building on Chatham Square:

Cold concrete protects the conversation against the cold wind.

There must be something about missing home:

Wherever I am, I'm always thinking about somewhere else.

There must be something about a hotel bar named Taliesin:

Taliesin is the name of the Frank Lloyd Wright Fellowship, which is somewhere else.

There must be something about US 301 between Fredericksburg and Richmond:

The road is straight and fenced in by trees, and is also somewhere else.

There must be something about the quarks beauty and truth:

I seek what their names represent, and I am repelled by the wind off the East River.



architecture by Chuck Kelleberg. For an Evening in this Windy City by Justin Spruy

[sic]

on the back of Bory's letters,
I drafted the plans for another
assault on the copper tower
imagine sweating the ink that
eventually dilated the pupils of
the academic gatekeepers
pure nonsense to illustrate a
tainted intelligence
(if ideas had weight, our skulls
would be too thin)

**a secular prayer from the
united federation of
unwed, female librarians**

"Dear sagging beams above,
please support the
pretentious stacks, at least
until I finish dreaming of
Dewey and I shuddering on
the forest floor, in the closest
of all embraces!"
ah! men

**ambiguity's house is built on
the tip of my tongue**

exhalations are moistened zephyrs
teeth are enameled tombstones
teares are salty tributaries
mucus is diaphanous mud
soft foundations resist definition
but not delineations
the walls are thick fences of
layered hinges
cloaked in a mist of briars,
brambles and born
again christians
to the unfortunate occupants,
speech is the local forecast
only the resident of the ears
receive a national broadcast

dining alone in the heart of
Pangea, I am quite naturally,
a god

or a hungry artist which is not
necessarily the equivalent
but in this country such
distinctions are useless
in this state, utopia and her
handmaiden, euphoria
are allowed to exist, by definition,
for a nanosecond
the soil renst, as it often does,
allowing the ocean to surge
between my table and chair,
separating me from an unearned
sustenance
the cruelest of all illusions is the
mirage
the emptiest of all medication is
the placebo
the loneliest of all men is the poet

thirty-three megahertz is
more than twice removed

like Armstrong's footprints or
the lithograph of the
Foundation Building at a time
when it was the sole
indentation in the horizon
I know you have seen me
there, prostrate on the
pavement
ears gently pressed through
the asphalt, to the cobbles
below, to receive the faint
echoes of my damp captien,
speaking softly in the cellar,
to the country
in your eyes I appear insane,
and rightly so

**the Afghan girl promised
to meet me on a dusty
foreign road**

her countenance seems
eternally shrouded in soiled
red linen suddenly pierced by
severe hazel eyes

she is bound to the earth by
sandles of grass

i stand before her demanding
sackcloth to cover my simple
nudity

she laughs and says with a
loaded glance, "Mysticism
smells faintly of static
electricity and reason reeks of
petroleum."

the intensity of her stare
transcends my rigorous logic
one of the stars she worships
is a geocentric satellite I
launched from the Cape in
early spring

**let these words be counterfeit
signatures of love making**

kiss me deeply in the hollow of my
pigeoned chest, my lovely almond
throat

guide my head with fingers and
hair woven, beneath your black
damask

my tongue will bestow a song as
sweet as white tapers

a waxen vestige containing all my
love forevermore

I offer you little more than my
thinness and thickening cyst

because I am a quenchless abyss
into which all perceptions pour

let that be a lesson in the art of
forgery

**a songbird came to perch on
the crown of blackened
thorns**

and sang of the second coming

"Dear Harbinger, at least give me
a chance to depart before
announcing my arrival."

(minutes pass)

"Dear Romans, kindly remove this
sparrow, she is more that I can
bear. The perpendicular timbers
and the iron splinters are
featherweights compared to this
ornithologist's nightmare!"

(hours pass)

"Oh heavenly Father! For Christ's
sake, slay this damn bird and
cage her in your most blessed
aviary!"

(the scarecrow passes out)

this is the way the savior ends,
not with a whimper but wailing
and gnashing his teeth against
indifferent plumage

**beware of the man with
patient hands**

he tends to carve intestinal
cacophonies into soft stone
plates

a dreamer of virtually doorless
micro/macro/megacosms that
incessantly deny their own
proximity to the out-of-doors

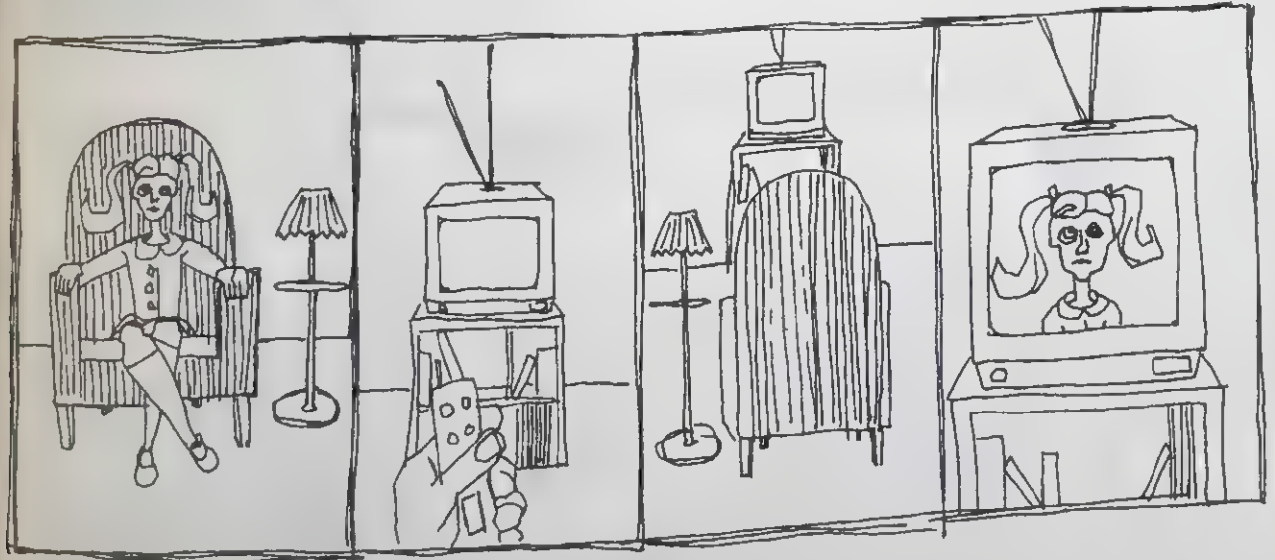
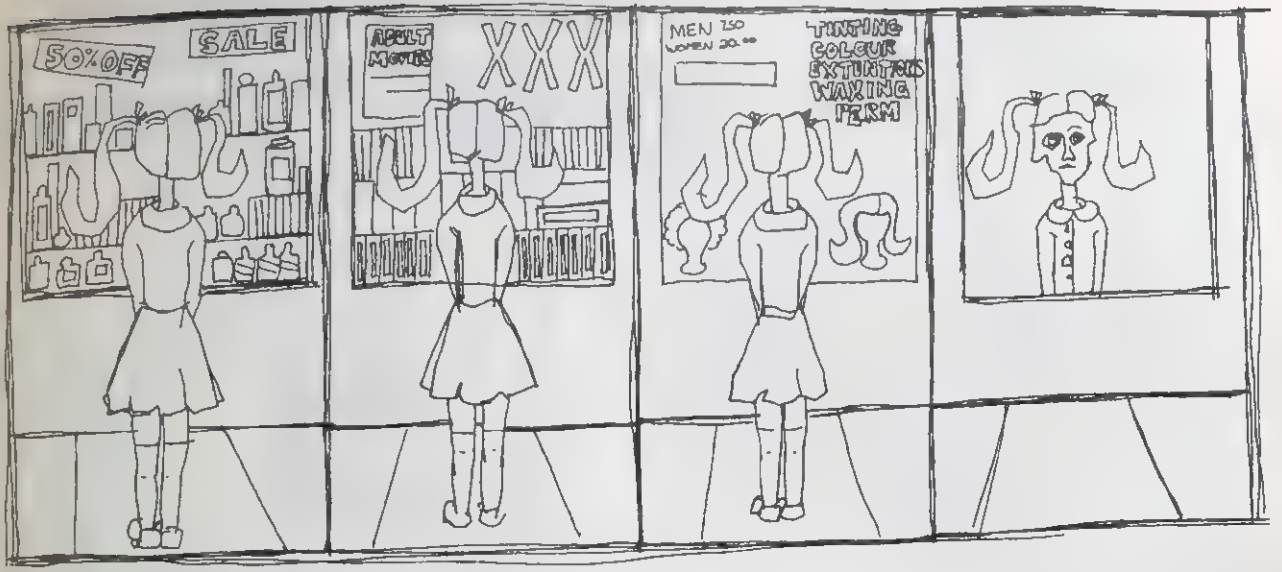
literally thousands of unwary
children have had the
remainder of their Sunday
afternoons swallowed whole

even erudite men become
unduly seduced by the
bottomless renderings,
without so much as a kiss

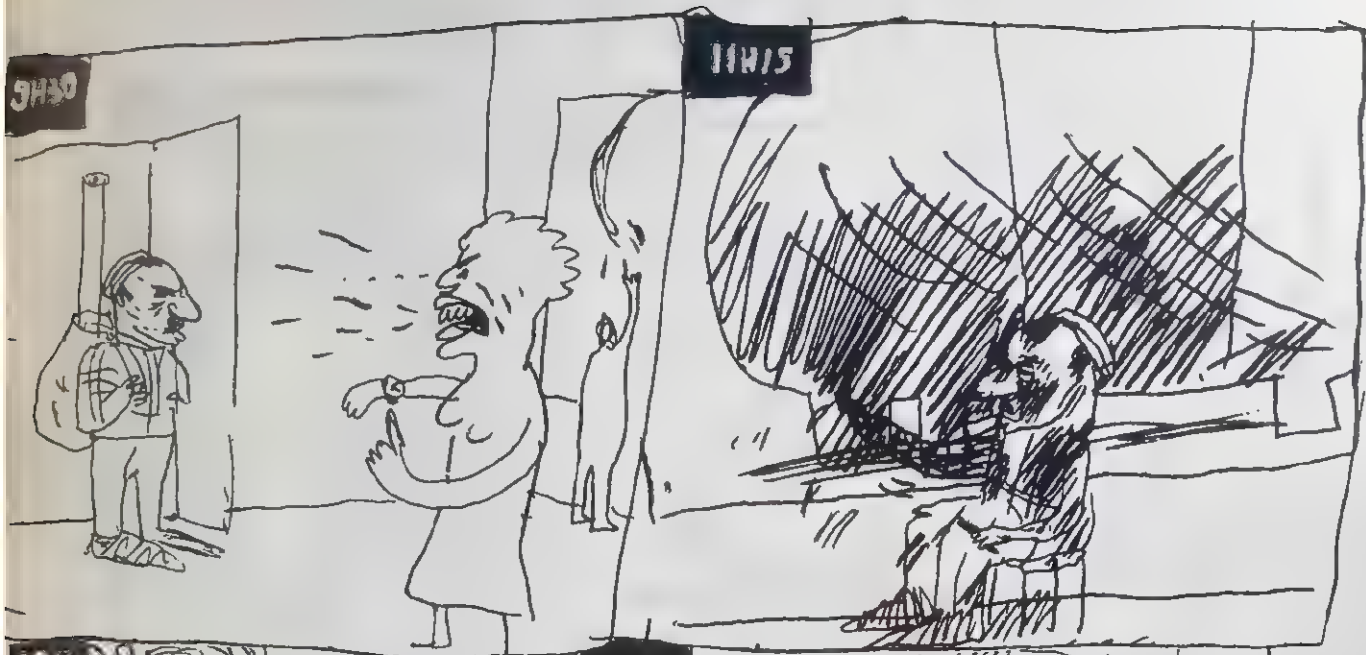
in fact, an enire union of
anchorites with an intrepid
vision, once suggested that
this place is comprised

entirely of linked thresholds,
then were lost forever by their
self perpetuating autonomy

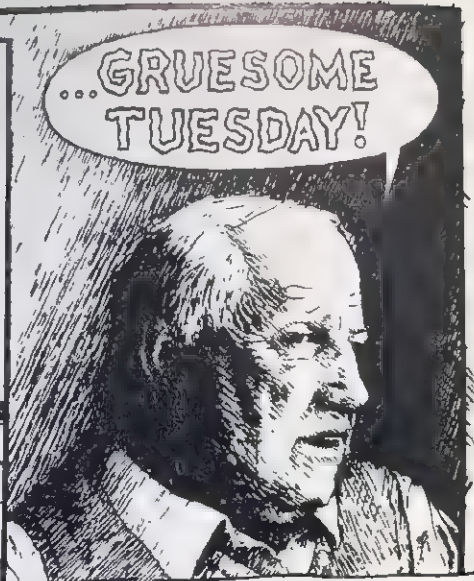
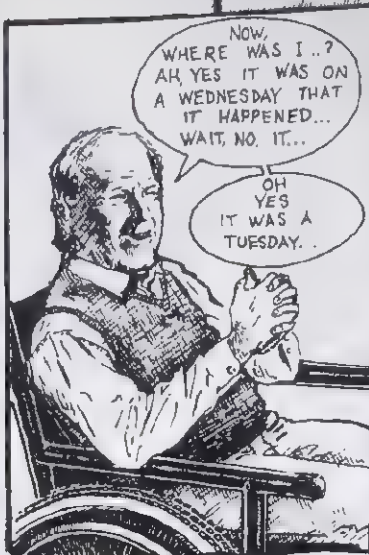
but then again, beware of
these words, they might be
rumors from the inside out,
spread by the man with
patient hands







Julien Barthélemy



My Papa's Leg





Avant-Garde

Kitsch

photo by Augusto Arbizo, text by Rom Kotir

The birth of avant-garde coincides chronologically and geographically with the first bold development of scientific revolutionary thought in Europe.

Kitsch's enormous profits are a source of temptation to the Avant-garde itself, and its members have not always resisted this temptation.

The Avant-garde emigrated from bourgeois society to bohemia, but remained attached to the generous pockets of the ruling class.

Kitsch is immediate
Kitsch is synthetic
Kitsch is deceptive
Kitsch is Dangerous

Culture is one of the most artificial of all human creations

Kutsch is universal literacy.

There is a danger of isolation should their official culture be superior to the general level.

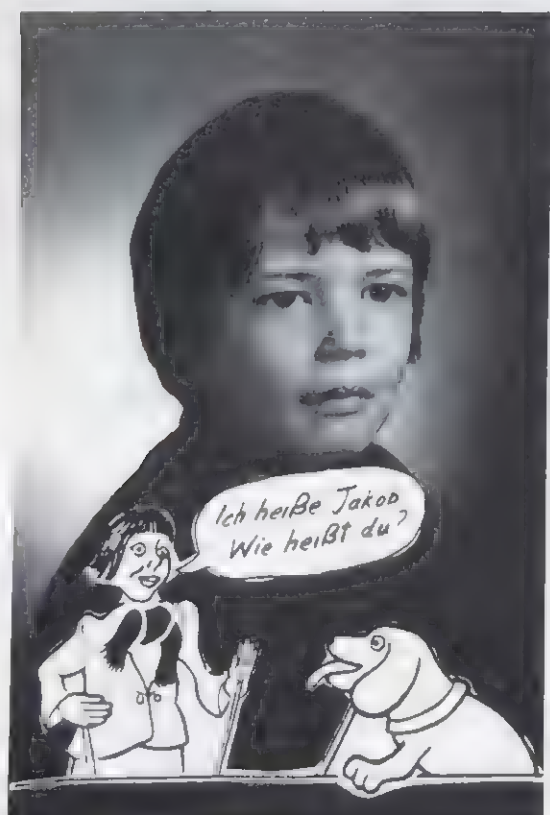
It is more useful to cater to the masses than challenge them.

*"When I hear the word culture,
I reach for my revolver."*

Herman Goering

**" Whenever I hear the word culture,
I take out my check book. "**

Jean Luc Godard




Ich heiße Jakob by Jan Konik, Where Softness Glows by Susan Havens



Never work.

Beneath the pavement lies the beach.



Student Lounge

Studio 84 Hewitt



Nam Szeto
Craig Wadlin
Ram Katzir
Arkadiusz Banasik
Betsy Heistand

Patterson Beckwith
Spring Ulmer
John Emerson
Jim Donellan
James Hicks
Ben Maloway
Justin Spivey
Michael Lonergan

Anonymous
Mark Kolodziejczak
Anthony Shin
Matt Monohan

Scott Rees
Chuck Krekelberg
Maria Yoon
Perry Neuhaus
Laura Ashby
Julien Barthélémy

Daniel O'Donnell
Kim Holleman
Augusto Arbizo
Jan Kotik
Susan Havens

